## RUSKIN'S WEDDING ROMANCE.

**The Story of the Eccentric Critic's Marriage and Divorce.**

John Ruskin did a strangely wayward thing when he consented to get married. He did a most erratic and, to the public, a most inexplicable thing when he arranged for his divorce. He had accepted some of the loftiest traditions about womanhood that men sometimes read and talk about, and he looked for his ideal companion. One night he met her in the drawing room of a London friend, who, without his knowing it, had brought the young lady to meet the eyes of the great writer.

It was a June night. He was 35, and she looked like a Greek goddess. He was dazzled. She was a tall, graceful girl of 19, with a face and figure as faultless as one of the statues of old. No one ever expected Ruskin to fall in love, and he did not. She was poor, needed a home and its comforts, and so they were married.

Their wedded life was peaceful, friendly, kindly to the highest degree, but there was not a spark of affection to enlighten their existence. She admired the great man she had married and was grateful for the wealth and comfort he showered on her. He worshiped her as he would the marble made lifelike by the sculptor's chisel.

There was nothing human about the life they led as husband and wife, and she was a woman who in her heart, like all true women, laughed at the traditions that made her sex love distant worship.

One day Ruskin brought an artist to paint his wife's picture. And the man was Millais, and he was a bright, cheery, handsome fellow, human every inch of him, with a great and absorbing love for the beautiful and a willingness to tell of his love.

He began to paint the portrait of the magnificent woman, and when he had finished he was in love with his friend's wife. Womanlike she saw it, and perhaps she was not full of sorrow and reproach. It was the first tribute of real manly love that had ever laid at her feet.

And Ruskin! His wide eyes saw the romance that was weaving around those two lives, and his heart realized how little affection he had to lavish on the woman he had made his wife. How he told her the story of his pride in her, and the sacrifice he was to make for her, while she lay prone at his feet, is one of the things which only he or she could tell.

It is difficult to obtain a divorce in England, but John Ruskin secured it for her, and one bracing morning in the early winter, a month after the divorce was granted, Ruskin stood beside the couple in one of London's quiet churches and saw them made man and wife.

That was a good many years ago, and since then Millais has become rich and famous and is now Sir John, and his wife is my Lady Millais. The warmest, sturdiest friend the struggling painter had in his toiling days was the man whose wife he had married, and through all the years of Millais' later success and greater honor John Ruskin has been the welcome guest and daily visitor to the man and woman whose lives he so unselfishly crowned with happiness.

It is a strange story, and the world knows little about it, and some men have condemned him, as some women have censured her. But the two men and that one woman who knew best have been happy and contented with the change that John Ruskin's pure unselfishness brought into their lives. And so the world should not complain.—Chicago News.

### Dignity and Duty.

The following story is told of the archbishop of Canterbury when he was head master of Wellington college: One day the prince consort attended by a single equerry rode over to Wellington and arrived just as the doctor was about to address his boys. The prince expressed a wish that the master should proceed in his presence. Having with bare head, as etiquette demanded, shown the prince to a seat, he turned to the boys, and replacing his cap began lecturing them. Just then the equerry hurried up and nudged him on the elbow.

"Dr. Benson," said he.

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"His royal highness is present," whispered the equerry.

"I am proud to know it," was the answer.

The doctor had spoken scarcely a half dozen words before the courtier again broke in:

"Dr. Benson, we all remain uncovered in his royal highness' presence."

"I am his royal highness' most humble and devoted servant," rejoined the doctor, at the same time bowing low, with uncovered head, to the prince.

"But," [illegible] to the boys once more and replacing his cap, "I am also my boys' head master."—London Tit-Bits.

### Memory's Impressions on the Brain.

It is computed by leading physiologists that since one-third of a second suffices to produce an impression on the brain, a man who has lived to be 100 years old must have collected upon the folds of his brain matter at least 9,467,280,000 impressions. Or, again, take off one-third for sleep, and we still find not less than 6,311,520,000 indentations—memory's finger marks—on and in the brain. This would give 3,155,760,000 separate waking impressions to the man who lives to be but 50 years old.

Allowing an average weight of four pounds to the brain, deduct one-fourth for blood and other vessels and attachments, and another fourth for external integument, and we still find that each separate grain of brain matter contains 205,542 traces or impressions of ideas. Of course, these calculations and general deductions must be applied according to the temperament of the individual. Well may it be said that "divine handiwork is grandly shown in the wonderful faculty which we call memory."—Philadelphia Press.

### Before the Silver Question Came.

About the beginning of this century the old Bank of Albany, long since defunct, but then presided over by 13 distinguished representatives of the Fatherland, issued its first circulating notes. Almost immediately after they were received from the printer an application for a loan was made to the bank by a drover who was well known in Albany for his financial soundness. The loan was promptly "passed" by the board.

The cashier considered whether he would pay out the beautiful new currency or gold. He reconvened the directors and faithfully laid this weighty question before them.

A long discussion ensued, and it seemed as if no satisfactory conclusion would ever be reached, until the following deep thinking speech was made by one of the number:

"Gentlemen of the board, these bills of ours, received today, have cost this bank a large sum of money. The engraver, the printer, the paper maker and incidentals all have to be paid. The thought of these expenses, so justly incurred, does not stagger me in the least, for the bills are very fine and an ornament to the bank. But, gentlemen, when it is proposed to send these new bills into the far west, there to be traded for cattle—torn, soiled and perhaps utterly destroyed—I for one solemnly protest.

"I venture the opinion, gentlemen, that should you be so unwise as to allow these new bills to be sent north and west beyond Lansingburg and Schenectady and away the other side of Utica, as I understand this man proposes to take some of them, you will never see them again so long as the Bank of Albany has an existence or a name."

The motion that gold should be paid was carried unanimously.—Youth's Companion.